

Gordon's Grave!

Shoulder to shoulder, we'll find him his faithful,
Find where our hero is sleeping alone!
Far from his land of the morning-star, under
The shadow of the Egyptian pylon he lies,
Pleading for aid, and not to protect him—
Now our own ring with his spirit lies?
Was it like the Russian he loved to assist?
Fighting his life, and yet during it die?

Borned there slain? We will know where they laid him,
Search till we find the spot upon which he lay,
And then we'll come to the place where he lies,
Left by the country he loved—God bless him!
How did he die? Like a soldier, God bless him!
Fought by Egypt's side, and for her sake?

Let not our cry in dead sleep's silence die,
Ours be the glory to find his grave!

Hark to that shout on the wings of the morning,
Rings from the uttermost ends of the world,
"Come forth, ye men of the East and the West,
Back to our aid with their banners unfurled!
Lift up your heads; be ye warriors indeed!"
We have his word, and the power of his word.

Let us be true to discover our brother,
Let us all stand, as of old, to our guns!

There's a cry in our midst now,
Filling of heart, and of soul, and of hand!
England, down-ruled, release to thee give,
Chained by her children—redeemed by their fate!
Come forth, ye men of the East and the West,
Back to our aid with their banners unfurled!

Love fight a beacon of hope on the land!
To the brave of our hero's country,
Slaves, soldiers, and youth of every hand,
Fare ye well!